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You Alone (A Transformers Fanfiction)



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Chapter 1 by Glowpy-Druglord

Tough

You were afraid of nothing. The last time someone had tried to scare you, he ended up with a broken bloody nose. And you didn't feel bad about it at all. You scared the kids at school and that's the way you wanted it. You normally avoided the kids that you know you'll lose your temper around, even though they laugh at you because you're a girl. A part of you wanted people to like you, not fear you. But the other part shoved that thought away quickly. You were strong and you could pack a serious punch. According to you, that's all that mattered.

Until the day you met Smokescreen. You were at work, you were the best mechanic around and it paid your bills. Someone had brought a sexy Mustang to have some engine work done on it, and you had a soft spot for sport cars. Running your fingers along the black gloss coating, you bent down to look at the engine. Letting out a long whistle, you couldn't take your eyes off of the gorgeous piece of machinery in front of you. You haven't seen an engine this powerful in all of your life. Taking your short sleeved shirt off, you tossed it behind you. You were skinny, but you packed a lot of muscle, especially on your upper arms and shoulders. You grabbed a crescent

wrench, leaning in close to see what needed to be done.

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"[Y/N]! Come out here!" you hear, calling you out. You let out an annoyed sigh, setting your tools down to go help your boss. You head out, even though you knew it drives him crazy, you headed out back behind the shop, tossing the towel on your right

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shoulder, you stepped outside. You looked around, a bit angry that your boss was fussing over nothing. "Shut your stupid car up!"

"What car?" you asked, with a hint of annoyance.

He pointed towards a white, blue and red sports car with its engine still rumbling. You were confused. You drive an old Camaro, and it was black and bright blue. This car, you've never seen this one before in your job.

"With all due respect, sir," you growled. "This isn't my car. I've never seen it before in my life." You pointed to your car out in the front parking lot. You narrowed your eyes, today was not the day to be accusing you of some random cars that appeared out of nowhere. But you had to admit, that car caught your eye.

Your boss grumbled under his breath, slamming the door behind him. You rolled your eyes, peering into the driver's seat. No one was there, yet the car revved its engine. Feeling a bit creeped out, you stood few feet back from the car's front bumper. The car moved closer to you, with no driver at all. You backed up even more, trying to understand.

"Okay, this isn't funny," you shouted out loud. "Come out, now!" No one responded, you only got a muffled 'shut up' from your boss. You rolled your eyes, looking at the car more closely. You had to admit, the car was appealing. You reached out a hand to touch the hood of the car, scared that it might electrocute you. When your hand was only a half an inch from the sleek white gloss, you quickly drew it back like someone slapped it.

"It's okay," a voice said. You looked around, your heart pounding.

"W...who's there?" you asked, a quiver in your voice. You winced a little, angry that you sound like a little kid. You turned your back on the car, blushing.

"Look in behind you," the voice replied. You heard a strange noise, followed by the sound of

clanging metal. Putting your hand over your face, you couldn't believe that you were about to turn around. When you did, you saw a sleek robot with the car's same color. You looked up at it, and it smiled at you. "I'm friendly."

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“Uh...” you weren’t sure what to say. Rubbing the back of your neck, which was getting sweaty, you felt somewhat awkward.

“What?” he said. So, it was a guy robot. Can this day get any weirder?

Apparently, yes.

“What’s your name?” he pried.

“[Y/N], what’s yours?” you snapped.

He reeled back as if you had slapped him right across the face. “Smokescreen. You’re a feisty one. I like you.”

You shifted your feet. “So what are you? And why are you here?”

He smiled, crouching down to look at you. “I’m an alien robot from the planet Cybertron. I and my team are here on earth to protect the humans from Decepticons. We’re called Autobots. And my leader, Optimus Prime, noticed you and wanted me to bring you back to base.”

“Why in the world would I go with some random car changing robot, apparently from another planet, whose leader I’ve never met before in all of my life?” You glared at him, putting your hands on your hips.

He laughed, transforming into his car mode. He opened his driver’s side door. “Don’t you want to be seen driving a deep throated race car?”

You were hesitant. He did look sexy in his car mode, and it would make you look good. Grumbling under your breath, you sat in the driver’s and he closed the door. Putting your seat belt on, you grabbed the steering wheel.

“Uh [Y/N], I’ll drive,” he said, backing out.

“Whatever,” you hissed. “But, I will.”

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Shy

It has been over eight months now. You visited the Autobot base multiple times, familiarizing yourself with everything and everyone. You found yourself a dark corner to hide when you were festering. You would have anger meltdowns, punching the rails and making your knuckles bleed. Ratchet would holler at you, but the meltdowns helped you. Your hands were all messed up, scars all over the skin. For some reason, you liked the pain.

Optimus was your father figure and Arcee was your mother figure. Since your parents died when you were 7, they took over. You hated to disappoint them and they would punish you. Arcee, you were too scared to make her mad. And Optimus, you would have too much guilt.

"[Y/N]," Ratchet called. You snapped out of your thoughts, looking up at him. Ratchet was your extremely grumpy uncle. He constantly got on your case whenever you would have an anger meltdown. He was smart, you still weren't sure if that was good or bad yet. He taught you a lot of things in the field of medicine. Cybertronian medicine, that was. He still didn't know much about humans.

"Yeah, Ratch?" you asked, tiredly. You rubbed your eyes, trying to stay awake. You pulled out your android, checking the time. It was 12:24 AM. You yawned, putting your phone back in your back pocket on your jeans.

"You look pretty tired," he pointed out. You were too tired to give a sarcastic remark.

"[Y/N], you should stay here tonight," Optimus said, concerned. "I don't want you driving in this

state." You nodded, staggering over to the little nest you made on the couch. Flopping down, you fell asleep in an instant.

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"Ratchet, we should let her sleep. The other Autobots know not to bother her."

You let out a small sigh, happy to be at peace.

Maybe, you'll see Smokescreen tomorrow.

////////////////////////////////////

"Hey, Sunshine," Wheeljack said into your ear. You jolted awake, startled by the nightmare you were having. Sweating and a still a bit scared, you threw the covers off of you and stepped onto the cold concrete. You looked around, your hair a complete mess. You notice both Smokescreen and Wheeljack smirking at your wake up state.

"Morning, [Y/N]," you heard Arcee say. "Are you doing better?"

You nodded, rubbing your head. "Yeah. I need to clean myself up." You blushed at little, suppressing a smile. You headed out of the hanger, starting up your Camaro. You drove along your road, noticing two guys who acting quite suspicious. You looked behind you, wondering if an Autobot was following you. You focused on the road ahead of you. Your stomach began to turn, seeing that those guys have guns. You watched them closely, prepared to floor it. They paid no attention to you. Quickly getting to your house, you threw on a pair of jeans and a tanktop. You changed your shoes, touching up on your hair and grabbing something to eat.

You heard a honk and peered outside. Smokescreen was waiting for you, clearly sent by Optimus to keep you safe. You devoured your toast, throwing a sweatshirt on, and locking your front door. You opened the passenger door, brushing the crumbs off of your clothes. You wiped the butter off of the corners of your mouth, still shaking off the last bits of sleep.

"Are you sure you're alright, [Y/N]?" Smokescreen asked. "You look pretty beat up."

You shrug. "It's just one of those days." You looked down at your scared knuckles, wondering why you had those anger meltdowns. Shifting them under your legs, you look at him, smiling shyly.

"One of those days," he repeated, a bit of humor coming into to his teenage voice. "Is that

Continue for you?

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You shrug again. "It happens, I do." "Is he dead a long time ago?"

He let out a sympathetic

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You sadly touched his steering wheel, for comfort. "A drunk human driving a truck was swerving on the road. My dad was changing the radio station and my mom was touching up. He slammed into the front bumper of their car, killing them instantly. All remember was the police coming to my babysitter and tell me and her that my parents were dead. I've lived on my own since then."

He was quiet while you told your story. "Wow. That's rough. How old are you now?"

"21," was your reply.

"So, you don't have any more family? You live alone?"

"I've done well since they've been gone. I mean, I am alive still and I can very well fend for myself."

His engine made a sort of snorting noise, as you could tell he was laughing at you. You drew back, opening your jaws to spit out a defensive remark.

"Easy, [Y/N]," he snorted. "I'm just playing around with you." You quickly covered up your smile with your hands, hoping he didn't see it. You cast your gaze to the reddish-brown rocks that seemed to tower above you as Smokescreen sped along the road, throwing up dirt behind him.

"Are we going back to base?" you inquired. You had always tried to remember which enormous rock mass belonged to the Autobot hangar. To you, every darn rock looked exactly the same, there was no way you could ever tell the difference.

"Yup," he replied, the hangar door sliding open for him to enter in. He slowed himself down a bit, stopping to let you out when they reached the others. You hopped out and he transformed, looking up at the others. He transformed behind you, crossing his arms across his chassis. When you panned your head around a bit, you noticed Optimus, Arcee, Wheeljack, and Bumblebee were gone. You pouted a bit, jutting your lower lip outwards like a two-year-old. For once, you actually wanted to see the Autobot leader and your mother figure. Of course they

weren't there.

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It seemed that Smokescreen noticed your looking back and gently nudged you with his ped.

"Why are you looking like

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You blew a piece of your blonde hair out of your eyes, huffing. "The one day I actually wanted to see Optimus and Arcee, they're not here." You threw your hands up in exasperation.

Ratchet was at his computer, typing weird Cybertronian things into it. He flinched at the sound of your frustrated loud voice and let out a groan.

"[Y/N], calm down, will you?" He turned to look down at you with his usual: "I'm trying to work, shut up" look. You narrow your eyes, shooting him a venomous look.

"Where did Optimus go?" you asked him through clenched teeth and an angry smile.

"We received multiple Decepticon signals near an energon mine," Ratchet responded dryly. "Optimus went to investigate." He turned away from your now flustered state and continued to type on his alien computer.

You let out a growl, working your boot into the concrete. Smokescreen looked at Ratchet, then at you with a concerned look.

"[Y/N], you look like your about to burst with anger," he stated, crouching down to be somewhat level with you. He extended a plated metal finger and gave you a gentle nudge. "Calm down. If I know Optimus, he'll be back before you know it."

"Ratchet," Optimus' voice sounded over their comm link. "We have a situation."

You unfolded your arms, giving the mech a look. "You were saying?" You heaved a loud and long sigh, falling backwards and landing on your butt with a grunt. You pulled your phone out, crossing your legs and turning the screen on. You noticed Smokescreen in your peripheral vision, he was intent on listening to the conversation. Then you saw the look of determination appear and he transformed.

From your spot on the floor, you sprang up quickly. Rushing over to his driver side door, you leaned on him. "Where are you going?"

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"What if Ratchet catches you?" you warned. "You know him. He'll go on for cycles about following orders and listening to him because he's just some know-it-all." Your fingers tapped his roof, trying to get your brain to think up a plan.

"[Y/N], get off of me," Smokescreen whispered urgently. "You'll get hurt."

You yanked open his door, before he could lock you out. Sliding inside of him, you strapped yourself to his seat. "There's no way I'm letting you go into danger like that and get killed." You heard him sigh, and you two drove out of the hangar.

"You really aren't going to let me go alone, are you?" he asked you.

You stubbornly folded your arms across your chest. "No slagging way."

He chuckled. "I like you."

Fearless

You ducked behind a large rock as laser fire crossed over head. You desperately threw your arms over your head, trying to protect yourself. It wasn't that you were scared half to death, it was that you really, really didn't want to get squashed by a giant robot foot. Half of the time you were low against the ground, you wished that you had some sort of cannon built into you so you weren't as squishy as they thought you were.

"Smokescreen!" you screeched. "You better hope I don't get stepped on!" Even though he was at least ten times your size, you could at least give him a verbal thrashing. The sound of lasers and cries of agony ceased, you finally took your arms off of your head. Stealing a glance over the rock, all you saw were Decepticon bodies littering the ground. Smokescreen was stepping over the lifeless husks, grinning widely.

"[Y/N], did you see that?" he exclaimed. You pressed your forehead against the rock angrily, pressing your teeth together.

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"Oh no, I was trying not to be all over the rocks, but since you got on almost letting me get squished, I guess I can't help it." You could hear him coming out of your ears, it would be pouring out.

“Hey, I did my best,” he said with a shrug. “You’re not dead, now are you?” You shot him a look that could melt straight through his chassis.

“I may as well be,” you growled. “Optimus did a better job of protecting humans than your shiny metal tail pipe.” Climbing out of cover, you quickly made your way to his side. “I sure hope you at least of some sort of intelligence in that processor of yours.”

“I would take that as insulting, but I get that a lot from Arcee,” he replied. Reaching down with his servo, he picked you up by the back of your shirt, lifting you up to his shoulder. You sat down on his shoulder plate, clinging it desperately. You’ve been on your dad’s shoulders all the time when you were young, but this was completely different. A giant alien robot was much different than your human father.

“Are you sure Optimus is in that cavern?” you asked, hating the quiver in your voice. “I mean, you seem not hear orders when their issued to you. Maybe you misheard the coordinates.”

“One: that’s rude, even for you. Second: I know that Optimus is in trouble and I managed to catch the coordinates while they were told to Ratchet. So, yeah. I’m sure.”

“If you’re wrong, Smokescreen, I’m going to turn you inside out then hang you in front of my fence.” You folded your arms across your chest, with a huff. You meant your threat and you had to tell it to him. You felt your heart stop as the familiar shape of a Vehicon appeared in your peripheral vision. You sucked in a nervous breath, your right hand reaching over to tap Smokescreen’s helm. He looked at you with a slightly confused look and you pointed at the squad of Vehicons roaming the mine. He followed you finger and reached up with his servo and picked you up. Setting you down behind a rock beyond the sight of the ‘Cons, Smokescreen’s hands switched out for his cannons.

No matter how much you craned you neck to see, you couldn’t spot Smokescreen or the others over any of the rocks. You had your head over the rock slightly to see, but the rest of your body

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Covering your ears like a frightened two-year-old, you tried to drown out the cries of agony from the bots behind you. Your stomach churned and you felt something rise in your throat from terror that seemed to tear you up. You scrunched your eyes closed, tucking your head between your knees and tried to listen to the racing beat of your heart.

You nearly jumped out of your skin when you felt something tap your back lightly. Reeling forward, you quickly spun around with your body poised to run. It only took a few seconds from you to realize that it was Smokescreen's smiling face that had appeared over the rocks before your look of terror melted into a look of fury and embarrassment. Your face flushed red and you got to your feet, brushing your pants off, avoiding his eyes.

"You okay, [Y/N]?" he asked, mildly amused. He was trying to hide his smile, but his shoulders bounced slightly in silent laughter.

"Don't scare me like that," you snapped, glaring at him with a look that could kill. Climbing up the rock you were using for cover, you stood on the top and he reached down to lift you up to his shoulder plate. Setting you on your perch, he proceeded forward through the mine. The entire floor was covered in dead Vehicons, their light blue blood spilling from their wounds.

He noticed your look and gave you a wide grin. "Didn't think I had it in me, did you?"

"Not exactly," you said, uncomfortably. "I've never seen so many dead robots in my life. Especially with you." You clung desperately to the separation in his plates as he charged forward. "You guys are some brutal aliens. And I mean brutal." After an uncomfortable pause, you reached over and tapped his helm. "Alright, get moving, metal boy. We don't have all day." He chuckled quietly as he made his way through the mine. You felt something rise up in your throat as you heard screams up ahead, your stomach feeling queasy.

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